

T H E
COBLER's Golden Prize:
 O R, T H E
Translator turn'd Gentleman.

By the Help of a Hundred and Fifty Guineas, which he got from a Confectioner, who imploy'd him to secure it under a Step near the Cellar-window.

To the Tune of, *The Coventry'squire.* Licensed according to Order.



There was a Cobler li'd of late,
 here in the City, as I am told,
 Tho' he had but a slender Estate,
 yet at the length he rebel'd in Gold;
 Then pray attend to what I send,
 for here I the Story relate in brief,
 The Cobler's Treasure, and joy out of measure,
 did fill a Confectioner's Heart with grief.

Who had it seems more Guineas than Wit,
 as by the sequel here you shall find;
 Therefore the Cobler Treasure did get,
 Fortune the prov'd miraculous kind.
 To this poor Craft, he smil'd, he laugh'd,
 so soon as her Favours he did behold;
 For his leather Breeches, he lined with Riches,
 a delicate parcel of shining Gold.

Tho' he had us'd the Cobling Trade,
 many long Years, yet still he was Poor;
 But at the length a Strollick was plaid,
 the which did soon replenish his Store;
 A lucky Cast there came at last
 to this jolly Cobler poor and old;
 Which made him far greater than any Translator,
 his Pockets was furnish'd with shining Gold.

Guineas was the Confectioner's pride,
 and least the Thieves his Coffers shou'd rob,
 Under a Step the same he wou'd hide;
 this help'd the Gentle-craft to a job:
 Then pray draw near and you shall hear,
 the politick Cobler's story told;
 He thought it not reason to shut up in Prison,
 a hundred and fifty Guineas of Gold.

Now as one day he sat in his Stall,
 against the rich Confectioner's Door,
 Who to poor Crispin straightways did call,
 saying, I here have hoarded great Store
 Of Guineas bright, my Heart's delight,
 then nail it up fast, and take special hold.
 Luke thought it a pity, that here in the City,
 while Money was scarce, they should hide their
 [Gold.

Master (quoth he) these Nails will not do,
 they are too short, your Gold will be lost.
 Say'st thou me so, then as I am true,
 I will have more whatever they cost.
 Away ran he; old Crispin see
 the Coast it was clear, and then he made bold
 To take out his Riches, and stop in his Breches,
 then nail'd up the Step without any Gold.

Then with the Gold he run to his Wife,
 into her Lap the same he did throw,
 Saying, My Love, the joy of my Life,
 now in our Silks and Satins we'll go
 I'll leave my Stall and Begging-awl,
 why should I sit Cobling in the cold,
 Since we are possessing this glittering B
 we never before had such Store of Gold.

His loving Wife amaz'd at the sight,
 cou'd not tell what at first to reply;
 The Guineas they appeared so bright,
 but at the length she said, Let us buy
 Some Food with Speed, that we may feed
 thou shalt not see Cobling in the Cold
 We'll keep a good Table so long as we're
 for this is a delicate Sum of Gold.

Now when the Crispins heard of his Fame
 every one strait shut up his Stall;
 Thus from their Bulks and Barrets they
 he made a Feast, and treated them all;
 Brave jovial Souls, with flowing Bowls
 were merry; yet, nevertheless, behold
 A woeful Disaster, at length came his Ne
 who seiz'd upon him for the sum of Gold

But he deny'd the Matter of Fact,
 crying aloud, No Guineas he saw,
 Yet to a Justice strait he was pack'd,
 thus they proceeded according to Law:
 The Master rail'd, yet Luke was bail'd,
 and thus I the Story in brief have told
 Now when it is ended, by me'tis intend
 to shew how the Cobler shams the Gold

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